

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1891.

VOLUME XXVI. -- NO. 1.

## OUR STOCK OF STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Is more Complete than Ever.

IN FACT you can buy from us almost anything that the market will afford. We are now selling—

Hard-Head Cabbage,  
Beans, Squashes,  
Potatoes, Onions, Beets,  
And all of the Vegetables grown here—of our own growth.

## Now on hand one Car Load of FINE GEORGIA MELONS.

All of which we offer at prices that will defy competition.

D. S. MAXWELL & SON,  
No. 5 Chiquola Place.

## MACHINERY! PROGRESS!

Steam Engines AND Cotton Gins AND Boilers AND Presses.

THE CELEBRATED

## SMITH GIN,

With Feeders and Condensers.

THIS GIN partakes of the BEST FEATURES in others, and corrects the DEFECTS in all.

## RUBBER and LEATHER BELTING,

Sold under a positive guarantee that will protect every buyer.

By recent special contracts with Manufacturers we are in shape to compete with the world. All we ask for is a fair opportunity and no favors.

## HARDWARE,

## CUTLERY,

## IMPLEMENTS, &c.,

In such quantity and variety as to give us the lead not only in Anderson but in this State.

## DOORS,

## SASH,

## BLINDS,

## AND

## FINISHED BUILDING LUMBER,

## A SPECIALTY.

## SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

## Buggies, Buggies, BUGGIES!

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK AND ARRIVING DAILY A LARGE STOCK OF BUGGIES.

## Tyson & Jones' Celebrated Buggies,

Made in North Carolina, are the best sold in this market. They are superior in material, style, workmanship and finish to any other make, and present, with their elegant silver mountings, a very neat appearance, besides combining durability and strength with lightness and easy riding qualities. In fact, there cannot be said too much in their praise, and all we ask is for you to come and see them before buying elsewhere.

The well-known Haydock Rice Coil Spring Buggies, Of which we have sold so many during the past two seasons, have given universal satisfaction, and the demand for them is constantly increasing. They are conceded to be the easiest riding Buggies made, and less tiresome for long distance travels than any other. We keep a complete stock of these constantly on hand.

Besides the foregoing we have a variety of other manufacturers, and are therefore prepared to suit all classes of trade.

Prices Low and Terms to Suit Purchasers.

We also keep a large assortment of all kinds of—

## HARNESS FOR SALE.

Before buying elsewhere be sure and call and examine our stock and prices.

## SYLVESTER BLECKLEY COMPANY.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ABRAMS, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

## COTTON GOING HICHER.

WE are glad to be able to inform our friends and customers that Cotton is bound to go up, if you will not be in too big a hurry to sell. In the meantime you can buy all kinds of—

## Groceries, Fireworks and Xmas Goods

Dr all kinds of cheap or cheaper than anywhere in Town from— Yours, with thanks for past patronage, E. W. TAYLOR & CO.

## TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this column should be addressed to C. WARDLAW, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

### MEMORY GEMS.

Do your best in the very best way. Do all the good you can, in every way you can, to everybody you can, and as long as you can.

Miss Lucy Gambrell, who attended the Greenville Female College this year, has retired. We learn that an effort is being made to take Miss Lucy out of this County. We are glad to hear of her good luck, but we regret to lose such a promising teacher. She will, however, be engaged in teaching. We wish her success, and feel sure she is worthy of it.

### A REAL GOOD IDEA.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me a few lines in your own special corner of the INTELLIGENCER, for the purpose of entering a petition for a little less arithmetic in the Piedmont curriculum for our bonny sweet girls, and one hundred times more attention to the intricacies of their mother tongue. In answer recently to a friend's question as to what I was doing, my reply was: "Trying to teach a foreign language—English." For truly what with the Africanisms still extant, the idioms of the upper country and the fearful and wonderful structure of American slang; that unmisgiving and sonorous old tongue may be considered as having received its second apocalyptic stroke.

Shades of Addison and Steele! Wander not towards comic shores, if you do not wish to witness the decadence of the language to which you gave such positive tone and richness of color that the page becomes a canvas, and the world form a softly shaded picture.

English of course has not the softness of Spanish, or the luscious sweetness of the old Ionic Greek, but properly spoken can be made very effective. I should call it the Wagner of languages—like his music, turbulent and strong, but yet with something picturesque about it "for a' that."

Arithmetic is very well, (so are the tin pans and cooking utensils in our kitchen) and if a girl is fitting herself for the position of a clerk, would be of great use to her; but women are generally the central stars of home-life, the goddesses of the drawing rooms, and as such their charm is exquisite—highly cultivated conversational powers.

Why not have in our female Colleges lady professors of English literature and English poetry? Of course I am speaking of the girls only. As to the boys, let them become paragons of arithmetic, but pray do not let the peachy-cheeked Misses of this decade become automata, wound up by clock work and warranted to solve at a given time so many geometrical problems. But I will draw my philological mantle around me, at least pro tempore.

KIL COURTLAND.

Below we give the program of the closing exercises of Miss Lena Johnson's School, at Ivy Hollow, on 30th June ult. This was one of the most enjoyable occasions we have had the pleasure of attending. Miss Johnson is a good teacher, and her services are highly appreciated. This exhibition showed her training powers, and was complimentary to both pupils and teacher. There were present a large crowd to witness and enjoy this occasion. The order was very good, indeed. We trust Miss Lena can be induced to teach at Ivy Hollow again next year, for it would be hard to get another teacher that would give such general satisfaction.

Prayer, "Happy greeting to all." Chorus, "Heavenward March," Misses Valeria and Florence Clinkscals. Speech, "Good Evening," Willie Clinkscals. Speech, "Be Polite," Lester Sadler. Speech, "A Double Accident," Richard Harris. Speech, "Haworth's," Leary Harris. Speech, "A Boy's Belief," Sammie Clinkscals. Speech, "A Boy's Trouble," Charlie Clinkscals. Speech, "I know a little girl," Edgar Clinkscals. Chorus, "Never say But!" Reading, "Jimmy Butler and the Owl," Eugene McGee.

Reading, "A Schoolmaster's Trials." Dialogue, "The Schoolmistress," Annie Sadler. Piano Solo, "Song of the Robin," Miss Valeria Clinkscals. Recitation, "Harry's Mistake," Xenia Clinkscals. Recitation, "Dolly's Education," Annie Sadler. Recitation, "Did you ever get a Letter," Esie Sadler. Recitation, "Helping Mamma," Della McConnell. Recitation, "After School," Emma McGee. Recitation, "Grandpa's Spectacles," Ophelia Clinkscals. Recitation, "Her Name," Lucy Clinkscals. Recitation, "Making Dolly's Dresser," Hattie Sanders.

Chorus, "Oh, the Sports of Childhood." Dialogue, "Knowing the Circumstances," Piano Trio, "The Three Princes Ride," Misses Florence, Mary and Ophelia Clinkscals. Dialogue and Tableau, "The Month." Recitation, "Driving the Cows," Miss Lizzie Harris. Recitation, "A Little Light," Miss Florence Clinkscals. Recitation, "A Good Financier," Miss Mary Clinkscals. Recitation, "Asleep at the Switch," Miss Ola Harris.

Chorus, "Leafy Dell." Dialogue, "The Art Critic." Recitation, "The Lips that touch liquor," Miss Luella McConnell. Recitation, "The Polish Boy," Miss Pearl Sadler. Piano Solo, "Cheerfulness," Miss Mary Clinkscals. Dialogue, "Playing School," Piano Duet, "Irrepressible Polka," Misses Sadler and McGee. Speech, "A Boy's Complaint," Hardy Sadler. Speech, "The Careful Messenger," Eugene McGee. Speech, "Where are the Coming Men?" James McConnell.

Speech, "Boys will be Men," James Sadler. Speech, "Warren's Address," Isam McGee. Speech, "Charge of the Light Brigade," Pringle Clinkscals. Dialogue, "Incomparability." Chorus, "The Brook." Dialogue, "Have a Shine, sah!" Vocal Solo with Chorus, Will Mayby and Lucy Clinkscals. Recitation, "Annie and Willie's Prayer," Miss Valeria Clinkscals. Piano Solo, "Around the Maypole," Miss Florence Clinkscals. Recitation, "The Famine," Miss Neta McGee. Tableau, "Death of Winkelshuis." Fan Drill. Dialogue, "Woman's Rights." Chorus, "Good Night."

The total yield of winter wheat is estimated at three hundred and forty millions, and the experts generally conclude the crop will be the best on record.

### ARP IN MISSOURI.

He Keeps His Eyes and His Ears Open.

Atlanta Constitution.

Two million bushels! That is the estimate for one county in Missouri. Two bushels of wheat and the harvest has begun. I was at Marshall last week, the county site of Saline, which is said to be the richest County in the State. I was in other Counties, and their good people boasted in the accustomed way of their county, and claimed that it was the best in the State, except Saline. Marshall is a beautiful little city of 5,000 people. It is embowered in shade and environed with beautiful homes. Homes is the word; not fine palatial places to live in; not mansions to be afraid of, but lovely, inviting homes that seem to speak to you and say, "Come in." I am awfully afraid of a fine house. I am afraid I will hurt its feelings, or get lost in it, or take the wrong door, or walk through a looking glass. I was in one the other day, and thought I saw some people in another room. There was a dim, religious light, and I can't say very well now how, and I wondered what they were doing in there, and why they did not come into the parlor and be introduced, when suddenly it flashed upon me that I was looking into a mirror and saw myself and my friends who were entertaining me. On another occasion I was in the library room, and when I took my departure I opened a closet door before the good lady could stop me. It was full of nice clothes, but I didn't pause to admire them. Sometimes I get turned round in a strange place and would go the wrong way if my judgment didn't tell me better. Two million bushels of wheat—forty bushels to the acre—80 cents a bushel. Just think of it—Missouri is set down for 100,000,000 bushels. It takes a pound of flour a day for each man, woman and child. That is the average. It is the army ration. One bushel of wheat makes forty pounds of flour. Nine bushels would make enough for one person for a year. Then it will take about 600,000,000 of bushels for all the people of the United States, and Missouri will make one-sixth of it. Besides this she will make millions of corn and oats and hay. A banker of Marshall told me that there was paid out through his bank last winter over \$100,000 for apples grown in Saline County, and shipped to the east. Then there are the horses and mules and cattle and hogs and sheep that flock the land wherever you go. I mounted the stairs of the fine courthouse and climbed and climbed until my knees ached, and from the lofty pinnacle I viewed the landscape o'er and, feasted my soul upon its beauty. It was like a great carpet of buff and green mosaics.

"Are your people happy?" said I to my friend. He smiled and answered, "They ought to be." "Are your farmers grumbling because they have no nubbins to feed the steers on?" said I. "Some of them are not content with their lot," he said. "How about the alliance and the sub-treasury scheme?" I asked. "Well, we have the alliance pretty strong, but not much of the sub-treasury. Our farmers don't want to borrow money. They are not in debt in this region and have no mortgages to carry except when a man buys more land and gives a mortgage for part of the purchase money. Mr. Hall, the head of the alliance in this State, has just published a general order warning the members to be careful lest while complaining of the government for robbing them they be seduced by politicians to become robbers themselves." Sam Jones is up there pitching into both of the old parties in a very hostile manner. He said he used to be a Democrat, but it got to be a whiskey party and was run by whiskey men and a whiskey ring, and he had quit it and washed his hands of the old rotten whiskey-drinking concern. Then he looked around and said: "Now you old Republican sinners, you needn't be a grinning at what I said. I think God I never did belong to your old beer-swilling party. Whiskey will turn a man into a devil, but beer will make him steal, and your old party is a party of beer and plunder, and will bankrupt the government in four years more."

And so the newspapers out there accuse Sam of favoring a third party, and maybe he is. Certain it is the masses of the people are unsettled, and nobody knows which way the cat is going to jump. Certain it is that the rising generation has not that affection for the old parties that their fathers had, and as for the foreigners who have come since the war, they have no attachments at all, and a large portion are like the Irishman who was asked about his politics and he said: "Faith, I don't know anything about your politics, but I'm in the government." Certain it is the old party leaders are feeling the alliance on taffy and both will profess all that is asked and more, too, but the whole business is a new game on the chess board and nobody can tell the result until the game is ended. Certain it is that the great army of laboring men, who are jealous and envious of the rich, are ready for any change that will make them disgorge, and hence they will combine with the alliance to form a new party, notwithstanding it is the farmers' interest to get more for his produce, and it is the laborer's interest to pay less. How they will reconcile all these conflicts we cannot see. The political pot is not boiling yet, but it will be in a few months. If I was an office holder or an office seeker I would feel a deep concern, but as I am neither, I feel no alarm and no great anxiety. The damage has already done and can't be undone for ten years to come. The treasury has been emptied to pay pensions and will stay empty. The McKinley high tariff will have to stand, for it will take it all, and more, too, to run the Government. It is all very bad, but the good old Methodist prayer still fits us and is a comfort. "Oh, Lord, we thank thee that it is as well with us as what it is."

A friend at Marshall wanted me to move there and said they would fix me up. "Give me a nice, pleasant home like one of these?" said I. "Oh, yes." "A pair of good gentle horses and a carriage for Mrs. Arp?" "Yes, of course," said he. "Garden and orchard and pasture ground?" "Everything complete," said he. I ruminated awhile and looked away off towards old Georgia and said: "My good friend, it is home where the heart is, and my heart is down among the hills of Cherokee. If you had Aladdin's lamp you could not move those beautiful mountains whose crests are gilded by the rays of the morning sun—you could not transplant the springs and crystal streams that flow in our valleys. But more than all of these, my kindred and the friends of my youth are there, and the graves of our dead and the sweet memories of childhood. I am too old now to get weaned from these—yes, too old. We have some good things that you have not. Providence is always kind and happiness is not far off from everyone of us if we will seek it. It is not in New York or Washington or across the sea; but is by the heartbeats where affection lingers, and contentment dwells. Excuse me, my friends, I cannot change my base, but I will come to see you sometimes and you must come to see us and drink our pure spring water and breathe our mountain air."

My visit to Missouri was a delightful one, and nothing marred its pleasure but a regret that was ever present—the regret that my wife and children were not with me to enjoy it. How they would have admired the luxurious equipment of those fine railways, the Missouri Pacific on the south of the river, and the Chicago and Alton on the north—both parallel lines from St. Louis to the west. I went by one and returned by the other, so as to peruse more of that delightful country. How they would have delighted to ride on the cable cars of Kansas City, said to be the most perfect cables in the world. They traverse the city at right angles, one series of parallels being level for five miles and the other series that cross them leaping from one street to another down the slopes that remind you of Lynchburg, Va. The passengers brace themselves for the steep descent, and it almost makes you lose your breath with apprehension. If you didn't see everybody riding you wouldn't take the risk for money. I wanted the children there to ride them down and down for half a day at a time, for it is splendid boggan.

But they will see enough I reckon—enough before they die—enough of pleasure and of pain. May they take life fairly in my prayer. "Carpe diem" is a good motto—enjoy the day. "Carpe diem"—enjoy every day whether at home or abroad, and be thankful to God for his goodness.

### How Fast It Travels.

Philadelphia scientists are preparing to find out how fast an electric current travels. An experiment will be made, probably from the Franklin Institute, by connections over the Atlantic cable to Liverpool and return.

The most recent experiment was tried at McGill College, Montreal. The current was transmitted in Montreal, was transferred to the cable at the Newfoundland cable station by means of Thompson's mirror galvanometer, sent across to the station at Liverpool, and returned to Montreal by the same method. The distance traversed, partly by overhead wire and partly cable, was 8,000 miles. From the time the current left the key in Montreal until it returned to the receiver in the same office just one second and one-twentieth of a second had elapsed; but the conditions were not as good as they might have been; hence the further experiment to be made here.

The rapidity with which the current travels over short wires with no delay indicated unlimited possibilities in the direction of practical tests. Prof. Marks, of the Edison Electric Light Company, is authority for the assertion that if the globe was encircled with a continuous cable, a current would travel the entire distance in a trifle over three seconds. At this rate a current would travel to the sun, covering the distance of 96,000,000 miles, in three and a half minutes.

In this age of science, said one of the gentlemen who will participate in the experiments, "people have an idea that we know so much now there is nothing more to be discovered. Why are we yet in our infancy as far as electricity goes. New discoveries will yet be made, and we will live to see them put into practical use, which will revolutionize the entire world. The experiment which we are about to make in telegraphy is only a feeble, which will lead to other and more startling experiments. The establishment of telephonic communication between the hemispheres is already being seriously discussed."—Philadelphia Record.

They polished her feet and polished her head, And blustered her back till it was smarting and red. Tried tonics, elixirs, pain killers and salves, (Though granddaddy declared it was nothing but "narves"). The poor woman thought she must certainly die, Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try, No wonder its praises so loudly they spoke, She grew better at once and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of female weakness, yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles. Guarantee printed on bottle wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Such goods as are in common use by laboring people, pay a tariff of about 75 per cent. Yet, some of these third party advocates say the tariff is a secondary issue.

The New York Journal of Commerce which usually knows what it is talking about, says the exports of gold to Europe are being made by western silver mine owners to force a scare on this country and force coinage legislation.

Professor Thomas E. Sherman estimates that the tariff takes about one-sixth of the earnings of the people, and falls most heavily on women. Men can do without ribbons, laces, artificial flowers, gloves, etc., but the women must have them.

### Remedies for the Cotton Grower.

The price of cotton has been steadily falling during the past few years. The prices of other things—including money—have been falling also. The prospects now, however, are that the price of cotton will fall below the proportion of other things so that the profit in growing it will be destroyed. A big crop was made last year and another big one is pitched this year. We have made more cotton than the factories could or would take, and there is a big surplus of bales to carry over.

Various remedies are suggested. The alliance tried last year to keep the price up by inducing farmers to hold their crops for ten cents and many local alliance men obeyed orders and lost heavily by doing it. The next scheme suggested was to decrease the acreage planted. That has been done in some neighborhoods while in others as much as ever or more than ever has been planted. Some men got the idea that the lessened acreage would cause a small crop and high prices and hastened to get in as much as possible to secure a big share in the rise. Then somebody suggested that all farmers agree to plow up every fourth row in all their cotton fields so as to cut the crop off twenty-five per cent. at once. This was seriously urged. Now comes Major Harry Hammond, of Alton, with the suggestion that a heavy special tax be levied on the business of cotton planting so as to limit the number of persons who can engage in it and thereby keep the yield down and the price up.

One great difficulty in the way of intelligent discussion of the subject is the absence of a knowledge of the difference between the cost and selling price of cotton. A railroad man can tell to the fraction of a cent how much it costs to run a train one mile, how much it costs to stop a train, what rates he must charge to make a profit. A mill president can give you to the fraction of a cent what every yard of cloth or pound of yarn costs. A merchant marks on every piece of his goods what it costs him, including freight, cartage, discounts or interest. We have never yet found a farmer who could tell anywhere near what his cotton cost him to make. Some men claim there is a profit in cotton at seven cents. Others say it will not pay out at less than ten.

We can not see any sense in trying to change the laws of supply and demand. When more of anything is made or offered than there is use or demand for the price must go down. When less is made or offered than is needed prices must rise. It is equally hard to change human nature. People who think there is money in cotton will plant all of it they can cultivate, and when they believe that prices are to be forced up they will strain themselves to make all they can find ground for.

Such things regulate themselves in process of time. When cotton is found to be unprofitable a few years the men who are losing money on it will quit making it or be forced to quit. The truth is, however, the South has grown rich on cotton despite the steady fall in price. Everybody who travels in the country must see that people there have been prospering on something. The general verdict is that the men who live at home, who make their own food and the food of their stock and raise cotton for a money crop have done well. That must force itself on the people presently and cause cotton to be the side or surplus crop. We believe that will be the final solution of the problem, the means by which the supply will be regularly kept within the limits of the demand.

Meanwhile the quickest and best way to help the farmer is to give him materials and supplies cheaper. We thought and hoped that was the chief purpose of the farmers' alliance—that it would put the dealings between the farmer and the merchant on a more business like and mutually satisfactory basis, give the merchant good security and thereby enable him to sell at a close margin and the farmer to buy cheaper. That would have helped everybody and hurt nobody. It can yet be done. It is a sure, safe and natural remedy.—Greenville News.

### Not an Improbable Story.

"What is the matter old man?" he said as they met the morning after. "You look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I feel like one."

"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years and there wasn't any one to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantel clock."

"I remember it."

"You said if you stayed out until 4 o'clock there was no one to look at you reproachfully and sigh and make you feel mean."

"Yes, and I stayed out until 4 o'clock, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And I gave an Indian war whoop on the doorstep."

"Yes, and you sang a verse from a comic opera song and tried to dance a clog."

"And my wife had missed the train. Now go away and leave me. I want to kick myself a little more for not taking the precaution to get an affidavit from the Conductor that she went with the train."—Chicago Tribune.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill Bros.

### The Beggar's Fountain.

There is in Italy a fountain over which is the statue of a beggar drinking at a spring. It is called "The Beggar's Fountain," and this is its story: Once upon a time there lived a very proud and haughty man, who hated the poor and set himself above all the world who was not as wealthy and well dressed as himself, and his want of charity was so great that it had become proverbial, and a beggar would no more have thought of asking bread at his gate than of asking him for all his fortunes.

There was a spring on his land, a sweet spring of cold water, and it was the only one for miles; many a wayfarer passed to drink at it, but was never permitted to do so. A servant was kept upon the watch to drive such persons away. Now there had never been known before any one so arrogant as to refuse a cup of cold water to his fellowmen, and the angels, talking among themselves, could not believe it, and one of them said to the rest:

"It is impossible for any but Satan himself! I will go to earth, and prove that it is not true."

And this fair and holy angel disguised himself as a beggar woman, covered her golden hair with a black hood, and chose the moment when the master of the house was himself standing near the spring to come slowly up the road, and to pause before the fountain and humbly asked for a draught of its sweet water.

Instantly the servant who guarded the spot refused; but the angel, desiring to take news of a good deed, not of an evil one, back to heaven, went to the master himself, and said, "I am, as you see, a wanderer from afar. See how poor are my garments, how stained with travel. It is not surely at your bidding that your servant forbids me to drink, and even if it is, I pray you bid him let me drink, for I am very thirsty."

The rich man looked at her with scornful eyes and said:

"This is not a public fountain; you will find one in the next village."

"The way is long," pleaded the angel, "and I am a woman and weak."

"Drive her away," said the rich man, and, as he spoke, the beggar turned, but on the instant her black hood dropped from her head and revealed folds of rippling golden hair—her unseen rags fell to the ground—and the shimmering robes that angels wear shone in their place. For a moment she hovered, poised on purple wings, with her hands folded on her bosom and an ineffable sweetness of sorrow in her eyes. Then with a gust of music and a flood of perfume, she vanished.

The servant fell on the earth like one dead. The rich man trembled and cried out, for he knew that he had forbidden a cup of cold water to an angel, and horror possessed his soul.

Almost instantly a terrible thirst fell upon him which nothing could assuage. In vain he drank sherbets, wines, draughts of all pleasing kinds. Nothing could slake his thirst. The sweet waters of the spring were saltier to him than the sea. He who had never known an ungratified desire now experienced the torture of an ever unsatisfied longing; but through this misery he began to understand what he had done. He repented his cruelty to the poor. Alas, he was given daily at his gate. Charity was the business of his life. The fountain was no longer guarded, and near it hung a cup ready for any one who chose to use it. But the cure—if cure it were—was not lifted.

The rich man—youth when the angel visited him—grew middle aged, elderly, old, still tortured by this awful thirst, despite his prayers and repentance. He had broken bread for the most miserable beggars who came to his door.

At last, at eighty years of age, bowed with years of infirmity, and weary of his life, he sat beside the fountain weeping. And lo! along the road he saw approaching a beggar woman, hooded in black, and walking over the stones with bare feet, slowly she came and passed beside the fountain.

"May I drink?" she asked.

"There is none to forbid thee," said the old man, trembling. "Drink, poor woman. Once an angel was hovering here, but that time has passed. Drink and pray for one as thirsty. Here is the cup."

The woman bent over the fountain and filled the cup, but instead of putting it to her lips she presented it to the old man. "Drink, then," she cried, "and thirst no more."

The old man took the cup and emptied it. O blessed draught! with the torture of years departed, and as he drank it he gazed Heaven. And lifting his eyes once more he saw the beggar's hood drop to the ground and her rags fall in pieces. For a moment she stood revealed in all her beauty of snowy skin and golden hair and silver raiment; and she stretched her hand toward him, as if in blessing, and then rising, vanished in the skies. A strain of music lingered, a perfume filled the air and those who came there soon after found the old man praying beside the spring.

Before he died he built the fountain from which the spring gushes, and it has been given to the poor forever.

Such is the story of the "Beggar's Fountain."

### \$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of the INTELLIGENCER will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,  
Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

### Alabama Changes Place with Pennsylvania.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—Within a week the Census Office will issue a bulletin for iron ore, which will be, perhaps, one of the most remarkable, as well as one of the most suggestive, of the series of bulletins issued by that office. For the first time in the history of the country, Alabama will change places with Pennsylvania, as producing in one year more iron ore than the old Keystone State. This significant statement means that the South will be the future iron-producing center of the United States.

"The forthcoming statement will show that in no part of the United States has the industrial progress been more satisfactory than in the South," said Superintendent Porter to date, when interviewed on the subject. "It is a fact our statistics will show the South to be producing as much iron ore now as the whole country produced in 1870. The same is true as regards pig iron and bituminous coal. In my opinion, the changes that will come about in the near future in the manufacture of iron will make the South the great iron-producing region of the United States. This will not affect Pennsylvania, for we have abundant proof that in all these migrations the cotton takes up another class of manufacture, which is generally an advanced product of the same article. In England the old centres of iron manufacturers were Sheffield and Birmingham, but when South Wales and Barrow took the lead the former cities engaged in the production of steel and other things. The three future centres of iron manufacture will be Pigeon Sound, on the Pacific coast, Birmingham, East Tennessee and North Carolina, in the South, and the Pittsburgh region in the North. Schooled in adversity, the South is already beginning to realize the blessings that follow from turning the sword into a ploughshare, and the truth of President Harrison's statement in his inaugural address is now apparent; that the Emancipation proclamation was heard in the dark depths of the earth, as well as in the celestial depths of the sky."

### Taking Quinine.